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2-HALL, Virginia
CIA 104 HUNT, Howard

SAC 4012 UNDERCOVER

(orig under
Hall)

interview had to be repeated as Hunt and his informant, imbibing all the while, waxed unintelligible on the tape recorder and Hunt couldn't remember what had been said.

Much of "Undercover" is, of course, a matter of record now, but is greatly illuminated by Hunt's recollection of the details and characters involved in Watergate I and II and the Lampoon-like series of Mission Impossible episodes, winding down to the trial and fresh plots to cover up the mess. William F. Buckley, Jr., whom Hunt had once worked with in Mexico, eventually came to his rescue with financial aid, brotherly encouragement and Buckley's own lawyer, free of charge.

Hunt hopes, in concluding "Undercover," that "this book does not mean the end of my life and that over the next few years I can be active in enough things of general interest to make a sequel worth the writing."

Watch those ramparts.

No Easy Solutions Allowed

In a Psychology Today report on activities of social scientists in problem situations, Nathan Caplan and Stephen D. Nelson detail the usual approaches to urban disease and relate one excruciating instance of good intentions gone awry.

Appraising a job development program in Chicago involving inner-city youth and young adults, Caplan found that the program staff considered tardiness a serious problem in terms of adjustment to the workaday world. "We knew of research on how time perspectives are socialized differently among high and low socioeconomic status groups," he observes. "We also knew about articles on 'white man's time' and 'black man's time'... So naturally we searched for ways of gathering data on time-perspective socialization among our trainees...."

Thousands of dollars would be made available for just such a study, Caplan knew but decided to consider "nonpsychological factors"—specifically, the availability of alarm clocks. Fewer than a quarter of the trainees owned one, it was discovered, and "while we weren't positive the alarm clocks were the main factor, we believed it to be a likely hypothesis that we could test quickly and inexpensively."

Those thousands of dollars for time-perspective research suddenly dried up, according to Caplan, and "we couldn't get enough money to buy alarm clocks even for a small experimental group."

Low-Grade Learning

As a measure of the state of public school education, Howard Fliieger, U.S. News & World Report editor, cites a criterion advanced by Prof. William W. Savage of the University of South Carolina in Education Report that "we insist all teachers be able to read, spell and perform arithmetic functions at least at the eighth-grade level...."

In this connection, Phi Delta Kappan reports that "it is now possible for a future teacher of high school English to go all the way through high school, college and into the teaching profession without having had a course in composition since the ninth grade." In an effort to remedy the situation, some 2- and 4-year institutions "have been forced to reorient their programs to the growing need of students for basic writing skills." At City College, New York, 75 per cent of entering students require "some form of remedial program."

Real Gaseous

Stephan Balogh, son of the British minister of state for energy and an apparently breezy petrel, drew a 6-month jail sentence, High Times reports, for injecting nitrous oxide into the courtroom at a conspiracy trial. Winning an appeal against the sentence, Balogh argued that "in a country where in some parts law and order is imposed by tear gas, the law should make no exception to laugh-

Random Views

In the Middle Of the Muddle

By Virginia Hall
Assistant Feature Editor

Whatever else historians may say of Richard M. Nixon, it seems certain they'll conclude he was a poor judge of character—his associates' as well as his own.

Not so King Timahoe, the former President's Irish setter, who, according to E. Howard Hunt in "Undercover: Memoirs of an American Secret Agent," spotted him, or tried to, right away.

Having reflected at length on his close relations with Charles Colson, Hunt, a big man for details, factual or feigned, reports: "As special counsel to the President, Colson had an attractively decorated suite of offices adjoining the presidential 'hideaway' in the Executive Office Building.

"Because of the proximity of the two offices, Mando Sanchez, the President's valet, often wandered into Colson's reception room to chat with the secretaries. One morning I was waiting to see Colson when in bounded King Timahoe, the presidential Irish setter, followed by Sanchez. The dog approached me, sniffed and began lifting his leg on mine. I roared a warning and shoved the dog away before he could stain my trousers. This incident caused great hilarity among the viewers, but left me feeling surly."

Hunt later learned what it was to be shad upon by bigger, and better, shots, principally Colson, whom he had admired as "a brilliant idea man" who demanded "from associates and underlings... the utmost dedication and performance, yet proved unwilling or incapable of reciprocating in equal measure."

Caught in the cold as a Watergate conspirator and all but abandoned by higher-ups in the affair, the secret-agent ethic Hunt had nourished over many years as a clandestine operative began to erode—cockroaches in the D.C. jail had a lot to do with it—and Hunt started to talk; in "Undercover" he purports to tell all, with large measures of credit for himself in his salad years as a wartime OSS and cold war CIA agent.

Hunt portrays himself as the prototypical tiger-legs kid. He worked hard, played hard and associated himself with anyone in his whereabouts worth knowing (he is almost as adept at name-dropping as Cy Sulzberger), but recollections of his spy years are fairly bland despite frequent tales of narrow escapes from assorted clutches. Apparently the best episodes were used up in Hunt's extracurricular literary endeavors.

As one of a tidal wave of Watergate recollections, Hunt's account is worth reading if only for its tragicomic perspective on the whole affair. "Eduardo," as his Cuban friends called him, was into everything from the Ellsberg business to the infiltration of a "peacenik rally" in Washington to protect J. Edgar Hoover's catafalque and hiring hippies to stalk around naked carrying McGovern signs at the Democratic convention site.

Indicative of the bungling on every front is Hunt's account of an interview with a man who had some dirt on "the Kennedy entourage." Conducted in the office of John Ehrlichman, the

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